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utilitarian view the higher learning will disappear. It has been disappearing very rapidly and can be restored only by the birth of a new philosophic attitude in our university life". G. L.

JUVENAL AS A HUMORIST

When Professor Gudeman's Latin Poetry of the Empire was issued from the press, I was taking my first cursory glance through the volume, when my attention was caught by this sentence in the preface to the selections from Juvenal: "Not a ray of sunshine illumines his page, not a trace of humor relieves the oppressive gloom". The modified impression I had somehow gathered from my own experience with Juvenal prompted me immediately to place a question-mark in the margin. To that interrogation I have now returned, after a long interim, with the avowed intent to plead extenuation for the poet.

The sweeping assertion which I have quoted from this one text-book is, after all, but a rehearsal of the popular interpretation of Juvenal. We have been taught to regard him as gloomy, despondent, relentlessly morose. Critics speak of his 'earnestness' that 'excludes all play of sportive humor'; of his 'tension of style which is never relaxed'; or of his 'contempt too deep and bitter for a laugh'. To such an extent does this, I was about to say, legend prevail, that one often approaches Juvenal with the predisposed intention of finding him ever and always a very Cimmerian, 'shrouded in mist and gloom'.

To regard Juvenal as a confirmed Jeremiah seems to me unjust and exaggerated. While satire does overwhelmingly prevail as his ultimate end, while his general tenor is that of grim sarcasm, I yet find in him much that is genuinely humorous. His text may be *facit indignatio versus*, but he does not disdain to intersperse his invective with many a laughable joke and anecdote. A pleasantry brings a smile to the face every now and then, in spite of all his mighty rancour. A digest of his lines has convinced me that Juvenal was not ignorant of the important principle that satire, without humor to vary the monotone of its bitterness, often fails of its highest potency, and that human nature instinctively flies from the perpetual scold. I can not believe that the populace of Rome differed in this respect from the people of to-day. 'Run, run, he has hay on his horn', was the very cry which Horace had long before eloquently deprecated.

I am not pleading for the merry pleasantry which makes of Horace a boon companion. We can not make a Horace out of Juvenal if we would. But granting that his humor, wherever it does occur, is what has been fittingly termed 'grim', it is humor nevertheless. The presence of humor in any de-

gree is quite different from saying, "Not a trace of humor relieves the oppressive gloom".

There is no doubt in my mind that many of Juvenal's lines, in which we are taught to find so much satire, may have been robbed of their sting by some facial expression or a certain gesticulation as he read them. If such lines are to be read with a scowl on the face and a menace in the voice, without an occasional relaxation of either, nothing but venom can be found in them. But why picture Juvenal always thus? May we not imagine sometimes a twinkle in the eye, a smile about the corners of the mouth, a mock grimace, a funny gesture, a ludicrous posture? I fancy I can detect many passages where the words, unaided by any such accompaniment, seem bitter enough, but where some pantomimic accompaniment would materially soften the meaning into humor.

And then again, the great gulf in time and custom that separates the twentieth century from the days when Juvenal wrote, has much to do with our interpretation of his composition. We have lost the meaning of many a reference to current events and contemporary people. Doubtless we have misconstrued many verses where we have vainly congratulated ourselves on finding the true explanation. Could we but be transported back to the Rome of Juvenal and become his own hearers, we should surely rewrite many a note in our text-books and emend countless statements in our commentaries. We should allow the poet to take possession of us when we read his lines. We must shut out the present age and, if possible, get beneath the life and implication of the text. A mere grammarian should hesitate to pass ultimate judgment upon the meaning of certain passages, for that is not his province. It is the one that can place himself in Juvenal's stead or imagine himself one of his audience, who alone can approximate a right understanding of his poems.

A rapid citation of selected passages from the Satires themselves is perhaps the most effective way to illustrate their humor. Several Satires, e. g. 4 and 16, are almost wholly humorous sketches; but, not to become tiresome, I shall content myself with making excerpts from only those Satires which Professor Gudeman has happily selected for his volume, 1, 3, 7, 10, 14. And, while heartily appreciating my own inability adequately to interpret Juvenal, I am yet willing to essay the effort, at the same time risking a dangerous experiment—the occasional substitution of modern names and similar anachronisms, in the hope that, by the light of our own vernacular, we may approach more nearly the poet's real intent.

The very words with which Juvenal introduces himself must have been humorous to his Roman audience. Here, at the very outset, good omen for

Juvenal and for my purpose, is real merriment. 'Always a listener only'? When ears were already wearied by the constant recitations of second-rate poets, Juvenal's very effrontery in entering the lists must at once have elicited the mirth of his audience. If we too were familiar with 'croaking Codrus' and his monotonous epic, if we too had waited in vain for the end of that endless work on time-worn Orestes and had seen the manuscript thereof, with scribbling all over the margin and even on the back, surely this word-cartoon could not but evoke laughter, for there was a mutual experience with such literary bores and bug-bears. The climax is reached when the poet represents the very marbles shattered and the columns broken by the constant fusillade of bawling rhapsodizers.

'Now, when I was a boy, I too used to snatch away my hand from beneath the teacher's ruler. I too used to speak my piece in school and give advice to Roosevelt'. Such references to school-boy days, a period whose adventures and troubles and pastimes appeal to one and all alike, would surely bring smiles to all but a pessimist. Then, with the mock determination of a philosopher, he adds, 'When you meet so many poets on every hand, why! one is a dunce to be kind-hearted and spare the writing-paper, since it is bound to be spoiled any way. And now I'll tell you the reasons why I am going to write satire, if you've got the time and can listen to a sober fellow' (15-21).

The way in which Juvenal can bring an impassioned invective to a ridiculous anti-climax is strong proof to me of an undercurrent of humor. For instance (1.70-75), after a furious charge upon crime-begotten prominence and wealth, he adds, 'Virtue is applauded and . . . starves'. So abrupt a change could not have passed unnoticed.

If we only knew who Cluvenius was, we should appreciate the joke much better in 1.80. But, no doubt, the mention of his name brought to every mind the picture of the rhymester. So, when Juvenal, with mock modesty, says, 'Verses—no matter what kind—oh! well! such as Jones or I write', the audience, for all we know, may have burst into laughter.

Continuing our digest of Satire 1, the entire passage on the distribution of the *sportulae* at the morning *salutatio* (95-126) is more humor than satire. A ludicrous contrast is first pictured in the scramble for the insignificant little basket of food by the rabble of Romans in their society-clothes. An expression of disdain at the words *sportula parva*, a wild gesture of confusion at *rapienda*, and, finally, a straightening-up of the frame in mock pride with the phrase *turbæ togatæ* would readily provoke the laughter of the assembly, to whom this was an every-day comedy. It would take only a little skill in impersonation to depict the anxious

glances of the janitor lest some imposter should steal a share in the dole, or to bring out the shot at the Trojan-born, blue-blooded nabobs who jostle elbows with poor nobodies like Juvenal himself, the struggle among the representatives of the different ranks of society to get their *sportulae* first, and, above all, the laughable episode of the bold rascal who brings up a closed palanquin, insisting that his wife is inside and claiming an extra share for her. Imagine a slight pause, giving time for the declaimer to point a finger of inquiry at the suspicious-looking *lectica*, as if 'the janitor were asking, 'What have you got there?', and the imposter retorting in a half-aggrieved tone, 'Why! it's my Fanny. Dismiss us quickly. Why don't you give us our shares and let us go?' But the incredulous janitor, scenting mischief from long experience, with intent to probe the supposed conspiracy, exclaims, 'Stick out your head, Fanny'. Juvenal's audience surely appreciated the farce when the imposter, in alarm and yet probably with consummate skill in acting, is made to step forward and whisper hoarsely, with his hand to his mouth, 'Sh! don't disturb her,—she's asleep'.

Omitting the Third Satire for the present and passing to the Seventh, we find such scattered bits of humor as these: 'You never catch Shakespeare shouting 'hurrah' unless his stomach is full' (62); 'Even the capitalist attempts poetry and yields to Homer alone, and not even to him, were there not a thousand years that have rolled between' (37-38). The passages are famous in which reference is made to the schoolboys' texts of Vergil and Horace, all blackened with lamp-smoke (226-227), and to the merriment that must have prevailed among Achilles and his companions in Professor Chiron's Academy, when the centaur's tail kept switching about (211-212).

Let us take up some of the longer passages of Satire 7. 'Tell me, then, of what avail to the lawyers are all their services to their fellow-citizens and the great bundle of papers they are always carrying under their arms? How magnificently they usually orate! but, if their client is listening, or, if some one else, who is still more eager for his money, comes up with a huge ledger for a contested debt and gives them a hunch in the ribs, then, ah! then, tremendous fabrications swell out the hollow bellows of the lawyer and he slobbers all over his bosom' (106-112). Even lawyers in the audience would roar at such a ludicrous caricature of their profession. 'Are you a professor of elocution? Ah, surely, Robinson's heart must be of iron, to have that crowded class in oratory slay the cruel despots over and over again. For, as soon as one youth has just read his lines and sat down, up gets another to plow through the very same thing and sing off the self-same verses. Warmed-over cabbage has been the death of many a poor school-

master' (150-154). 'Then, you fathers, lay down strict laws for the teacher; he must be a very walking rule itself in grammar; he must know every inch of history by heart, and be as familiar with literature as with his own fingers and toes; if asked on the spur of the moment, even while on the way to the bath, he must be ready to answer immediately any question in Shakespeare: who was Portia's serving-maid? what country did Leontes's son-in-law hail from? how old was King Lear? how many 'trenchers, cups, and all' did Petruccio break?' (229-236).

The Tenth Satire is characterized by a quieter, soberer mood, by less invective, and also by less humor. Only a phrase or two may be noted here and there, such as where Pluto is termed 'Ceres's son-in-law' (112), or the billionaire's property is caricatured as 'a British whale in a school of dolphins' (13-14), or the philosopher is pictured who 'could point a finger of scorn at Fortune and tell her to go hang herself' (52-53), 'The very people that would shrink from killing any one would at least like to have the power to do so' (96-97), or 'Which would you prefer? to wear the state-robcs of the high criminal who is being led to the scaffold, or to be the Honorable Mayor of Slabtown or Dutchtown, with such exalted duties as to pronounce sentence on cases of false weights, and to break up pots and vases that are short in measure—the tatterdemalion Justice of Ragville?' (99-102), or 'Weigh Hannibal's ashes! How many pounds will you find in the great conqueror? Oh what a sight it would have been, a painting worth hanging on the wall, the one-eyed general riding his elephant through the streets of Rome! (147-148, 157-158).

Cicero's proverbial bombast must surely have occasioned merriment when the poet quoted that ill-starred line, 'Oh happy day, when I was consul and Rome was born again!', and added, 'He could have laughed at Antony's sword, if everything he said had been of the same stripe' (121-122).

Satire 14 has still fewer passages of humor, but the two I shall now cite will be sufficient to prove my point. In the one, we have the everlasting picture of the paterfamilias who cares not a fig for appearances before his own family, but has a regular house-cleaning when guests are expected. 'Not a blessed one of your servants will have time to breathe. "Sweep the pavement there; scrub those columns clean; brush down all those spider-webs yonder; here you, boy, polish that silver-ware,—bright, understand?—and, you, Tom, rub up those embossed vases", roars out the voice of the master, as he stands over his household, whip in hand' (59-63).

The other is the celebrated description of the miser. 'He punishes the stomachs of his slaves with short measure and even goes hungry himself. He

can't even stand to use up all the musty bits of his mildewed bread. He usually keeps yesterday's mince-meat till the middle of September and even lays aside over-grown summer-beans for another dinner, gathering up with them, bit by bit, the shreds of chopped onions. Why! a beggar from the Bridge would turn up his nose at such a meal' (126-134).

The Third Satire, to which we now return, would be abundantly sufficient to refute the accepted view of Juvenal. While in some respects one of the bitterest of all, it is yet the most humorous. The constant references to the annoyances of city life are among the most amusing passages in all literature. 'I have never yet seen the place so wretched or so lonely that you would not think it a far worse lot to be in constant dread of fire, the continual falling of bricks from the roof, and the thousand and one perils of the cruel city, and—the poets declaiming in the month of August' (6-9).

I can picture nearly this whole Satire as a laughable tirade on the part of Umbricius, Juvenal the while listening with sometimes a smile, oftener with bursts of unrestrained merriment, which arouse all the more exaggerated burlesque in his companion. Antipathy to the Greeks gives Umbricius his first cue to act a little drama all by himself, with an amused, applauding audience in the poet. Watch the speaker shake his head and proclaim, as if from the rostrum, 'Fellow-citizens, I can't stand a Greek city' (60-61). Then perhaps, catching sight of one of the despised race itself, he clutches eagerly at Juvenal's toga and, pointing a finger, asks, 'Tell me, sir, what you think that fellow is?' After a pause, to clinch his point, he resumes triumphantly, 'Well, sir, he has brought us whatever sort of character you wish—professor of grammar, oratory, mathematics, painting, physical culture, a deacon, rope-dancer, doctor, fortune-teller. The thirsty little Greeking knows everything. He will climb up into heaven, if you so bid him. In fact, it was not a Moor, nor a Russ, nor a Turk, who put on feathers and flew so high, but a fellow born right there in Athens' (73-81)¹.

The humor is certainly apparent when Umbricius reverts to the extreme flattery of the Greeks and their adeptness in the art. 'The whole nation is a race of actors', he says. 'You laugh; his sides shake with greater hah-hahs. If he has caught sight of tears in a friend's eyes, he weeps too,—not that he is sorry. If you chance to ask for a little fire in the winter-time, he puts on his overcoat. If you say, "It's hot", he sweats immediately. We just simply can not outdo him' (100-104).

Another bit of wit, almost an 'Irish bull', may be

¹ I would call attention here to the fine humorous use made of this passage by Lowell, in the Introduction to First Series of Higlow Papers, where he speaks of the Yankee Character. C. K.

noted when Umbricius exclaims, 'Why! do you know, if we admit the truth, there is a great portion of Italy in which no one ever puts on the toga—until he's dead' (171-172).

And who can fail to catch the merriment in the reference to the country picnic, with its devotees seated on the grass, and a pantomime being enacted on the raised board-platform, the applause when a familiar tune like 'Whistling Rufus' or 'Boolah, Boolah' is sung by the mimes, and the shrieks of the country baby who sees for the first time the hideous, gaping masks of the actors? (172-176).

The fun becomes more lively the farther Umbricius proceeds. The petty annoyances and terrors of the high wooden tenements now come to his mind and he catalogues them in mock tragedy. 'Suddenly, Hodges, your next-door neighbor yells 'Fire', and soon your third-story is a-smoking. But you may not know anything of it at all, for, if the alarm starts on the lowest flat, the top one is bound to burn last (198-202)'. Umbricius concludes that it is far preferable to own a little garden-patch out in the country. 'It is something', says he, 'no matter in what out-of-the-way spot you may be, to find yourself the owner of one little water-dog' (223-231).

Then comes the allusion to the noise of the streets. When we recall the assertion of Suetonius that the Emperor Claudius Drusus used to attend the session of court but would fall asleep and be awakened with difficulty, we shall appreciate better the laughable fling at him, 'The rumble of wagons passing in the narrow turns of the street, the curses of the driver at the balky mule would waken the sea-calves, yes, even Drusus himself' (236-238).

We who have been in the crowded streets of a great metropolis in holiday seasons can laugh heartily over Umbricius's account of his adventures in the mob. 'You can't possibly hurry, for there is a perfect sea of people ahead of you, while the rabble behind presses upon your back. Now one fellow digs you with his elbow, another punches you with the pole of a sedan-chair. And now some one cracks you over the head with a club, another with a cane. Your shins are plastered with mud. Some big clod-hopper steps on your heel and a trooper treads on your toes with his great hob-nailed shoe' (243-247).

Another panorama of the morning *salutatio* follows. 'Each one of the hundred or more guests carries his own kitchen along with him; bless you, General Shafter himself could hardly lug as many huge kettles and as many traps as that little wretch of a slave over there, who carries them all with head erect and blows the fire as he runs. Rip goes your tunic that you had just sewed up. Along comes a wagon with a fir beam in it that totters and sways about, and then some more wagons tug-

ging a pine pole along. They swing and teeter on high and threaten any moment to come down on the heads of the people. Why! if that dray loaded with rock from the quarries should reel and spill its mountain over the throng, pray! what would be left of them? Who could pick up the fragments? One's whole body would be trampled out of sight and would vanish like the breath of life itself. Meanwhile, the household, little dreaming of such a disaster, go on washing the dishes and blowing up the fires to get dinner ready, and rattle about with the flesh-scrapers, and put the towels in order, and fill the bottle with oil, and various odds and ends keep the boys busied. But their master sits the while on the banks of Styx, a new hand at the business, horror-stricken at the uncanny old ferryman, and, yet more to his terror, finds he can not hope to get across the dread waters, for he hasn't a penny in his mouth' (250-267)¹.

Then Umbricius turns to the perils of the night, points to the scars in the pavement made by broken pottery that has been thrown from the high windows, and says that one should be considered an idiot to go out to dinner without having first made a will, when one's head is in such constant danger, 'for' says he, 'there are just as many chances of death as there are wakeful windows that yawn in the darkness above you as you pass'! (268-277).

Next follows the inimitable scene of the drunken bully, fairly aching for a quarrel, who, in fact, can not sleep until he has satisfied his martial ardor. Besotted as he is, he has the sense to avoid the rich man and his train of attendants with their blazing torches, but eagerly pounces upon the poor man with dim little lamp and wick that he watches so carefully. 'Now just notice', says Umbricius 'how he starts the quarrel, if it can be called a quarrel at all, where you do the pounding and I only get the pounding. He plants himself squarely in front of you and orders you to halt, and you've got to obey. What else can you do, when he acts like a very madman and is at the same time so much stronger than you? "Where have you been?", he bellows. "Whose vinegar and beans are you stuffed on now? You don't answer me, eh? Well, tell me right off now or else take that. Answer me, I say, right where you are". If you do say something or back off in silence, it's all the same, he hits you anyway, and then angrily threatens suit for assault and battery. Such is the liberty of the poor man. Beaten and with his face all cut to pieces, he can only plead to be let off with at least a few teeth still in his head' (288-301).

And we close with this scene of the drunken

¹ I have long found in this passage much the same humor as we see in that delectable passage at the end of Swift's *Battle of the Books*, in which Boyle pierces Bentley and Wotton with his spear, joining them so closely that Charon will waft them over Styx for one fare.
C. K.

braggart, asking if, after all, Juvenal has not more of the humorous in him than he is usually given credit for having.

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REVIEWS

Wanderings in the Roman Campagna. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company (1909). Pp. xiii + 378. \$5.00.

Those who have read with delight Lanciani's former popular books in English—and what student of the classics has not?—will need no introduction to the author now, nor wait for a favoring review before applying themselves to this, his latest work. There is the same fluent and accurate English, the same attractive style, the same wealth of splendid illustrations, the same thrill of personal contact with the Italy that is so old and withal ever so new. And who is better qualified than Lanciani to paint the scenes of his own Campagna Romana that he knows and loves so well? Who better to describe its ruined monuments, its recent excavations, the exquisite masterpieces of art and the historical records that its broad acres have yielded up in recent years? Doubtless many of my readers have had the privilege at some time or other of accompanying Professor Lanciani on one of his numerous excursions to the wilds of the Campagna, or the hoary coast-towns of Latium, or the Alban Mount with its Castelli Romani filled with ruins and memories of the classic past; for he is no cloistered scholar, no mere epitomizer of book-learning, and English and American classical students and intelligent tourists are his special delight. All such will recognize the man in his books: profound in his learning, yet most human in his sympathies; an archaeologist, explorer, digger, acquainted with every nook and corner of the Greater Rome, familiar with every explored site (and many another which only his feet have trod) and with the method and manner of its excavation and the men engaged; gifted with rarest intuition—that magic wand that conjures up the spirits of the past from a grass-grown ruin, a moss-covered aqueduct, a piece of ancient pavement, and makes them live again, and fight and love and toil as if their bones did not lie mouldering these two thousand years! As one hears him expound—yes, that is the word, *expound*, though one does not realize it, so full is he of personal reminiscence and anecdote, of pure delight and aesthetic emotion—one feels that Lanciani has lived in, and is an essential part of, the story of Rome's re-discovery; in fact there is no one who can so truly say, as he can: *quorum pars magna fui*. Yet withal he is more than the scholar, he is the humanist, poet, lover of nature; and nowhere in his writings does he show this more strikingly than in the present volume.

Given this dual nature of Lanciani's genius, his reviewer must approach his writings differently according as they are intended for the specialist or for the general enlightened public. In his Italian publications such as reports on new excavations in the archaeological journals, his *Commentario di Frontino*, his *Forma Urbis Romae*, or his masterly *Storia degli Scavi di Roma*, it is the scholar that speaks, and we may look for and demand rigid, unimaginative accuracy. But through the medium of *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, *Pagan and Christian Rome*, *New Tales of Old Rome*, *The Golden Days of the Renaissance* and the book at present under review, we find ourselves face to face with the genial humanist, who writes, indeed, out of the fulness of his knowledge and observation, but disdains the scholar's limitations of place and time and sequence. Does he give us fascinating glimpses of ancient and medieval Rome and its environs? Does he make familiar to us as if we were there in person the desolate fields that once pulsed with life, that are still haunted by the memories and dotted with the memorials of great men? Does he describe and illustrate in a fervor of almost youthful enthusiasm the wonders of ancient sculpture that have but recently come to light—the Niobide, the Discobolus after Myron, the splendid sarcophagus from the Via Collatina with scenes from the Dacian campaign of Trajan? And is all presented in such an attractive manner as to refresh those that have already come under the spell of antiquity, and to inspire a languid interest if not a positive respect even in the profane to whom all the distant past is artificial or dead? Then his book is a success in the highest and best meaning of the term, and we can readily overlook a daring flight of imagination here, a disregard of accuracy there, a lack of perfect consistency or a printer's blunder now and then.

Wanderings in the Roman Campagna is the title of the book, and wanderings they certainly are, though the Campagna itself is too narrow to hold the author's pen. Not to speak of such spurts of aviation as that on p. 29, where the thought of the suburban villas of wealthy Romans leads to a description covering several pages, with two cuts, of the highways from Aosta to Eburodunum in Gallia Narbonensis, or on p. 48 where a mere nothing, as far as the Campagna is concerned, gives opportunity for a disquisition on thermal establishments and their modern remains in all parts of the Empire, the chapter-headings themselves give a good idea of the range of these "wanderings" in place and time. I therefore give them here, with a brief summary of the contents.

- I. The Land of Saturn, that is to say, the *Saturnia Tellus*, the old *ager Romanus*, the Campagna in its more restricted sense, still treeless and